

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, July 30, 1803.

*Romance of the Four Dervishes.*

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"INTOXICATED with the hopes of seeing that matchless beauty, I was wholly engaged in watching from whence she would approach, when suddenly, by the grace of God, fortune smiled upon me, and my stars were propitious; from one side of the garden I beheld her arise like the glorious sun. Instantly reclining my head on my hand, I fainted away. Upon coming to myself, and opening my eyes, I perceived that lovely cypress arrayed in black, like the water of life, sitting, with a handkerchief of gold stuff in her hand, by the side of that noble youth, to whose conversation she seemed to be listening with pleasure. Upon his mentioning something, the tears gushed from her eyes like rain from the vernal clouds; this sight deprived me again of reason; I writhed in agony, and was at the point of uttering an exclamation, when that ferocious lion darted at me such an angry look, that I fainted with fear. Upon recovering, he was still engaged in speaking, and I observed her place the finger of consent upon her eye with so much grace that my senses were lost in a delirium of delight. When my reason returned, I perceived she had gone away, and that the youth was preparing to leave the garden. The tears involuntarily rushed into my eyes; and with a heart dissolved in blood, and a bosom rent with anguish, I took up the coffin and followed him. When we reached his house, I retired in private to indulge myself in bemoaning my unhappy fate.

"Dervishes, that youth, having taken

an hour's repose, sent for me to enquire how I did. 'Alas!' cried I, 'my tears and sighs but too well explain the state of my heart.'—'Return thanks to God,' said he, 'your stars have been propitious, fortune is your friend, the days of separation draw near a close, and the tree of hope bears fruit.'—'How can I suppose,' exclaimed I, 'that unrelenting fortune will ever have compassion on me, or produce fruit on the branch of desire?'—'Be of good courage,' he replied, 'you are now in a fair train of obtaining your wishes; did you not know what I was telling the princess with regard to you?'—'God is witness,' I said, 'I knew nothing of what passed; twice only was I sensible of myself all the time, once when she showed signs of pity, and once when she put her finger upon her eye.'—'Both these had sufficient cause,' said he: 'I employed all the eloquence I was master of in your behalf: I gave her a distinct account of all your misfortunes: I told her that since you was of an illustrious house; had, for her love banished yourself from your native country, to wander amongst the deserts and endure so many afflictions for the sake of beholding her; had at last, reached this province, and without friends or support had so long searched in vain without cooling in your attachment; and finally, had cast yourself upon my protection; she should not consider it as just that you should perish with grief; but, as she hoped to find mercy with God, should have compassion upon you, and by at last giving comfort to the heart of a youth whose blood had been spent for her love, prepare for herself a place in Paradise.' She replied, 'How shall I be safe from my father's resentment? I answered, leave that to me; I shall take care you shall receive no harm. Upon hearing this she was silent; and I added, To-night, I shall send him to attend you; be not afraid of discovery, but follow

him to my house. It was then that she put her finger upon her eye. To-night, therefore, you must go to the garden and bring her along with you, only be careful you lose not your way; trust every thing else to my management.'

"I was so rejoiced with these words, I pressed his hand to my mouth, and offered up my prayers to God to reward him. The day being spent in gladness, at the approach of night he called one of his slaves, and telling him I was a stranger and unacquainted with the ways, ordered him to accompany me to the door of the princess's garden, and concealing himself, where he should not be observed, be in readiness to return home with me when I wanted him, but to use the utmost caution that he should not be suspected as my accomplice.

"Dervishes, having returned my grateful thanks to the young man, I set out, and had not proceeded far when the slave pointed me out a road which would carry me to the garden, and telling me he had business another way, bid me expect to meet him in the same place by the time of my return. What his intention was I know not, but this he said and went away. Conducted by love, without trouble or difficulty I reached the garden door, and laying myself down on the ground, anointed my eyes with the dust of the threshold. In a few moments, I heard a noise from within; my soul with anxiety hung quivering upon my lips, the door opened, and in an instant my eyes were enlightened by the appearance of that sun of beauty. For this precious gift I raised my grateful thanks to God; then throwing myself at her feet, I kissed them with rapturous joy; and began to express in verse the happiness I had obtained. 'Fool,' said she, 'is this a fit time to waste in useless words? Arise, and let us proceed.'

the misfortune of others, learn to shun, the follies and vices which have contributed to their ruin, and thereby obtain true felicity: nor is it less a crime against society; it is the moral duty of every individual to render all the good he can to his fellow beings, and contribute his mite towards the happiness of the human family; and who is less capable of contributing towards the advancement of this felicity than the illiterate man? But as I have before spoken at large upon this subject, you will excuse me from saying more at present.

Your reading has hitherto, Maria, been desultory, unconfined by system or plan. From this you have acquired a taste for letters, and a thirst for information; and by it your mind has been enlarged, and your judgment strengthened and corrected. You will now with ease and advantage be capable of entering on a course of *History*, without thinking it uninteresting or devoid of entertainment; as is generally the case with those who are put to this before they have acquired a taste for reading, or a judgment capable of appreciating its importance. But previous to your entering upon this course of study, it is indispensibly necessary, that you should become intimately acquainted with the science of *Geography*; this is a prerequisite, which it is absolutely necessary for you to obtain, before you begin history: it is the medium alone through which you can derive any pleasure or real benefit. Although this science will perhaps appear abstruse and difficult at first, as all sciences and arts, however simple, invariably do to new beginners; yet a little perseverance and industry, of which I know you possess an uncommon portion for your age and sex, will soon render easy and agreeable, what before appeared unconquerable. When you have formed a complete idea of the shape of the earth you inhabit, its divisions into zones, &c. as laid down upon your globe, you will, with pleasing satisfaction, trace the boundaries, and acquire the relative situation of continents, oceans, seas, kingdoms, and islands. When you have laid this foundation, you may, with propriety, take up history; you will then be capable of reading with pleasure and advantage, and will no more view it as uninteresting and devoid of beauties; as is the general cry of those who prematurely enter upon it. Nor is it to be wondered at, that disgust instead of pleasure should be excited in the young mind, in the perusal of history, who has not made geography a preliminary study. To read of places of which we have no conception; of countries the existence of

which, except in the imagination of the historian, we are ignorant of; in fine, of a world of which we can form no idea,—is to few interesting. But to a mind prepared to enter upon this study, (in the language of a very eloquent and celebrated writer) “what more agreeable entertainment than history? to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, to view society in its infancy, making its first faint essays towards the arts and sciences? To see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing ornamental to human life, advancing towards perfection? To mark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which have contributed to their greatness, and the vices that drew on their ruin? In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which, during their life-time, so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders! What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall our trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention! How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures. Indeed, I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons of whatever age, sex, or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of Greece and Rome.”

Accept, my dear Maria, those sentiments as the genuine and undisguised opinion of your affectionate brother

EDWIN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I SHALL not endeavour to controvert the assertions brought forward in your last number, by *Justitia*; for they must be considered, by every man of sense, to be grossly false. But I shall merely consider who could have been the author of such a piece.

It could not have been a *Gentleman*: for he would not debase himself by wishing such sentiments to be published: which are only sported by the vulgar, and are alone adapted to please them.

It could not have been a *Merchant*: for although he is often induced, from the *spirit of trade*, to be a little irregular in his

transactions; yet he possesses a higher and nobler mind, than to degrade himself, from the *spirit of revenge*, by saying any thing so malicious or false against the honourable profession. Besides, if it were true that lawyers were dishonest, he could not have published it without breaking the old, and I believe true proverb, “There is honour amongst rogues.”

It could not have been a *Divine*: for he places too much confidence in the laws, and of course the lawyers, (who are the only proper expounders of the laws) to have been the author of such vile aspersions: besides, his dignity would not have permitted it.

It could not have been a *Physician*: for inasmuch as he is the restorer and safeguard of the health and lives of lawyers, he ought at the same time to consider them as the only preservers and safe-guards of his property. Besides, to suppose that such an opinion as *Justitia's*, issued from the pen of a physician, would be absurd; for is not the lawyer continually within the power of the physician? And would it not be praiseworthy to put an end to the existence of those beings, who are “the bane of society?” But instead of that we find they die the same natural death as their neighbours.

It could not have been a *Farmer*: for he must have a very slight knowledge of lawyers; since all his transactions are open and honourable, and therefore never came under the eye of the Law, or finger of the lawyer.

Who then, I ask, could it have been? As I have a very high opinion of the great sense of mankind, I can suppose it to be none other than some silly boy. Methinks I hear the reader say, “Why did you take notice of this boy?” My answer is, I merely wanted to shew him what must be the conclusion of every person who read *Justitia*; and at the same time render him a very essential service, by informing him of an old maxim, that has been frequently mentioned to me when young, “that little boys should be seen and not heard.” I hope he will consider this as a kind act in me, and that it will guide him in future.

Your's, &c.  
LAWYER B\*\*\*\*\*S.

Small Talk,  
NO. VIII.

MENEKRATES, the Physician,

WHO had the vanity to take the surname of *Jupiter Servator* to himself, (on account of some extraordinary cures, which he attri-



buted entirely to his own skill) was handsomely exposed to ridicule by the father of Alexander the Great. Having invited him to dinner, he was placed at a table by himself, on which was a golden vase, smoking with incense, (after the manner the ancients sometimes sacrificed to Jupiter). The physician at first thought himself highly honoured; but having nothing to eat, he soon perceived the meaning of the smoking incense; and thus serving as a laughing stock to Philip and his courtiers, he went away hungry, from a feast abounding with the most delicious wines and viands, with the title of *Jupiter*, and the shame he so justly deserved, for ascribing to his own abilities, a success derived from heaven.

## PEDARETUS

Was a candidate at an election in Sparta, where three hundred persons were to be chosen, to hold a place of great distinction. He was unsuccessful; but returned home quite cheerful and satisfied, saying to his friends and neighbours, that "he was overjoyed to find there were three hundred better men in Sparta than himself, who had been endeavouring constantly for twenty years to be good."

## FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## MR. HOGAN,

*As far as I can learn, the following remarkable particulars, respecting the death of the late Lord LITTLETON, have never appeared before the public, at least in this country. They may be depended upon as facts, and were related by Admiral Wolsely, to a lady of unimpeachable veracity, belonging to the society of Friends in England, and by her communicated to a gentleman of this city, in the year 1798.* A. B.

SOME time about 15 or 18 years since, (the time not recollected) Lord Littleton, on the fifth day of the week, came down to breakfast with his family, consisting of the widow Flood, and three young women, his cousins, all of them of doubtful characters. He said he had that night a very frightful dream or vision; that a lady had appeared to him, that she opened the curtains of his bed, and bid him prepare himself for death. He started up in terror, incoherently saying, "What! shall I not live three days?" To which she replied, "No, you will not live above three days;" and vanished. This awful account frightened the women, and they fell a crying. He, though secretly agitated, pretended to disregard the matter, laughing at their credulous folly, and pro-

fessing to have no sort of belief or apprehension about it. Soon after, Admiral Wolsely, and a gentleman, his cousin, of the name of Fortescue, came in; and he related jocosely what he told as above. They listened, but pondered it in their minds; as did his attendant valet. However, the subject changed—he proposed going with the ladies on the 7th day, (that is, the last day of the visionary prediction) to his country seat at Pitt's place, near Epsom; and offered the two gentlemen his chariot, to follow them, to dine there on that day. They agreed to the proposal, went there accordingly, and joined in great real, or at least affected jollity, at the festive board. Littleton being more than usually loquacious and desultory in his conversation; reciting the probable remarks that would of course be made, whenever the news of his death should be announced. Among his gaieties, perceiving the women to be languid and gloomy, he took one of them, and danced a minuet with her; then taking out his watch, and going up to the window, said, "Look you here, it is now nine o'clock, according to the vision I have but three hours to live; but don't you mind this, madam Flood; never fear, we'll jockey the ghost; I warrant you." Still continuing in this seeming gaiety till eleven, he called for candles to go to bed, an hour unusually early with him; as he used to sit up as long as he could keep his companions about him. But his pretence to retire, was, because he had planned for the party to ride to breakfast early at Epsom, and spend the day riding, to survey the adjacent country. Soon after his retreat, the women took their candles, and went off. The two gentlemen were determined to sit in the parlour till the three predicted days were fully over, and got some negus to comfort themselves. About half an hour after eleven, they received the sudden shock of a loud scream from the stair-case, uttering these words—"He's dead! Oh! my lord is dead!" Instantly running up stairs, they found him in bed, fallen back, and struggling. The Admiral put his hand to his head, which the dying man grasped with such vehemence, that it was painful to endure. But he spake no more, his eyes were turned up and fixed. They pierced the jugular vein, but no blood issued; and he was totally dead about one quarter of an hour before midnight.

The Admiral, to this account, gave me the following remarkable particulars.—That at the distance of 30 miles from Pitt's place, where this melancholy scene happened, there lived a gentleman, who was one

of the libertine companions of Lord Littleton; and they had so settled, that which ever of them died first, the survivor should receive one thousand pounds. On this very night, (being in bed and asleep, previously,) he rang his bell about one o'clock with great violence. His valet-de-chambre ran to him with all speed; and the following dialogue ensued, as nearly as can be recollected.

*Servant.* Dear Sir, what is the matter?

*Master.* (Sitting up in bed, with a countenance full of horror.) Oh, John! Lord Littleton is dead!

*Servant.* How can that be? We have heard nothing but that he is alive and well.

*Master.* No, no; I awoke just now, on hearing the curtains undrawn, and at the foot of the bed stood Lord Littleton, as plain as ever I saw him in my life. He looked ghastly, and said, "All is over with me, you have won the thousand pounds," and instantly vanished.—Get a horse, and go this moment to Pitt's place, you may perhaps get intelligence of him there.

In consequence of these orders, the servant arrived about seven in the morning; told the Admiral and family the above particulars, and hastened back to his agitated master; who, it seems, was so affected, that, for a considerable time after, he durst not sleep alone, nor without a light constantly at his bed-side.

## Moral Essays.

## NO. VII.

[CONTINUED.]

## ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

IN order to administer consolation to the afflicted, the usual methods are, either to endeavour to lessen their sense of the evil, by shewing them that it is not really so great as they imagine; or by comparing it with greater evils endured by others; or else to drive it from the thoughts by the hurry of dissipation and amusement.

The first of these methods may serve to display the talents of the person who undertakes it; and perhaps such arguments may sometimes prevail upon vanity to assume an appearance of fortitude. But how can he, whose heart feels the pangs of real affliction, be convinced by argument that he does not feel it? or what relief can it give to his sufferings, to be told that another suffers more? Nor can dissipation and amusement afford a more efficacious remedy, since in these the heart has nothing to do:



## THE ADULTRESS PUNISHED.

A TALE.

CHARLES the Eighth, king of France, having occasion to send into Germany about some affairs of the utmost consequence, fixed upon a nobleman by the name of Bernage, in whom he reposed the highest trust and confidence, to execute a commission of importance. As he travelled day and night for expedition, he arrived late one evening at a certain castle, where he begged to be admitted to repose and refresh himself; and urging his being a stranger, and not being very well acquainted with the country, at length with great difficulty he obtained admission. As soon as the owner of the castle was acquainted with the quality of his guest, and to whom he belonged, he shewed him every mark of politeness in his power, at the same time apologised for his not being admitted sooner, owing to the gates being constantly barricaded, on account of some domestic troubles, and the apprehension he was under of being surpris'd by some of his wife's relations, who were maliciously disposed towards him. Bernage then told him the cause of his journey, and that it was to render some particular service to the king his master. He was then shewn into a most splendid apartment, and after some little conversation, conducted to a hall hung with the richest tapestry, where they found the table laid for supper, which was served up with great elegance; at which time there appeared from behind a tapestry, a most beautiful woman, dressed in the deepest black, but her head without any hair or external ornaments.

After the master of the house and Bernage had washed, the servants carried water to the lady, who washed also, and then took her seat at the end of the table, without speaking to any one. Bernage could scarcely keep his eyes off her, as she appeared one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, only that her face was rather pale, and her features tinted with a melancholy cast. After she had eaten a little, she was served with wine and water, brought her by a servant, in a human skull, the holes of which were stopped with silver, from which she drank two or three times, and after she had supped and washed, she made a courtesy to the master of the house, and retired, without speaking a word.

Bernage was extremely surpris'd at what he had seen, and which appeared to him so very extraordinary and shocking, that he became very dull and pensive. This his host perceiving, said to him, "I do not wonder, Sir, at your being astonished at what you have seen at my table; and I find something

that appears to me so worthy and honest about you, that I cannot refrain from discovering to you a circumstance which has for a long time made me from the happiest, the most miserable of men. Stranger as you are to me, I wish to vindicate myself to you, that you may not think me capable of acting with so much cruelty, without having had the greatest provocation to justify it. The lady which you just now saw is my wife, whom I loved with as much tenderness and affection as ever man did a woman. I risked every thing for the sake of marrying her, and brought her here in spite of my relations. She professed to have the same love for me; and I would have hazarded a thousand lives to have protected her's. We had lived a long time together with all the affection and harmony possible; and I was esteemed by every person who knew me, to be one of the most happy men living. But being obliged to take a journey upon an affair of honour, she lost her's, and forgot the love and duty she owed to me, and became enamoured with a young gentleman whom I had brought up in my house. This I a little suspected when I returned, as I perceived something which gave me no small uneasiness, but still I loved her so passionately, that I was not able to mistrust her. At length, however, my eyes were opened, and I saw that which I feared more than death. My love then turned to fury and despair, and I observed them with attention, and feigned one day to have occasion to go into the country, instead of which I concealed myself in the same chamber which she herself occupies. Soon after my pretended departure, she entered the apartment, followed by the young gentleman. My suspicions were, alas! confirmed; and confident of her criminality, I could contain myself no longer, but darting from my concealment, I killed him in her arms.

"But the crime my wife was guilty of, seemed to me of so heinous a nature, that to murder her, as I did her gallant, was not, I thought, sufficient punishment for her offence, I therefore conceived a misery for her to endure, which I believed to be more insupportable than even death, which was, to shut her up in that very apartment which she had chosen for the scene of her illicit intercourse: and in a cabinet within the apartment I have hung up the skeleton of her gallant, and that she may be kept in continual remembrance of her crimes, instead of a cup I have ordered her to be served at the table with drink out of the skull of that ungrateful wretch who seduced her, to the end that she may see him living, whom by her fault she

has made her afflicted enemy, and the remains of him whose death she occasioned, by preferring his happiness to mine; by this means she constantly sees two objects, at dinner and supper, which afflict her most, namely, a living enemy, and a deceitful friend, both produced by her own guilt; in all other respects she is treated with humanity, except that her head is constantly shaved, the hair being an ornament which becomes not an adultress, no more than a veil does a wanton and immodest woman, for it is a mark of having lost both honour and charity. Now, if you choose to see and speak to her, I will conduct you to her apartment."

This offer Bernage gladly accepted, as he had great curiosity to hear her speak. Being introduced, he found her sitting by a good fire, in a very elegantly furnished bed-chamber, when her husband drew back a curtain which hung before a large case where the bones were placed of the man who had dishonoured him; yet in spite of the permission given to Bernage, he almost feared to speak to her, lest he should offend her husband, or afflict her. The husband perceiving it, said to him, "If you have any thing to say to that unfortunate woman, speak, and you will perceive in what manner she now looks upon her own sad conduct."

"If your patience, Madam," said Bernage to her, "is equal to the torment you suffer, I look upon you as the most extraordinary woman in the world."

The lady, with tears streaming from her eyes, and with a grace and humility not to be described, replied in the following terms.—"I confess, Sir, that my crime is so great, that all the punishments which this lord here (whom I am not worthy to call husband) can inflict upon me, cannot be equal to the grief I feel for having injured him." In saying which she wept most bitterly.

The gentleman then taking Bernage by the arm, conducted him into another chamber. When Bernage was taking leave of his host, he addressed him thus:—"The esteem I feel for you, and the great civility you have shewn me, strongly urges me to interest myself in your welfare and felicity. It seems to me, that after you have had sufficient proof of your poor wife's repentance, you should pity her sufferings, and forgive her:—consider, Sir, you are still young, and have no children; and it would be a great pity that such a house as your's should be lost for want of an heir, and that those should inherit your wealth, who have not, perhaps, an atom of regard for you."

The gentleman, who had resolved never to part from his wife, thought seriously on



what Bernage had said, and was sensible of the justness of his remark; and promised him, that if she continued to conduct herself with that humility and sorrow which she had hitherto done, he would in a short time pardon her transgressions.

Bernage, as soon as he returned to court, informed the king his master of this extraordinary affair; whereupon the king sent some of his officers into Germany, to make further enquiries concerning this matter; and was so pleased with the description Bernage had given of the beauty of that unfortunate lady, that he sent his painter also, Jean de Paris, to paint that lady's picture, provided he could obtain permission of her husband.

The gentleman, who had long felt some compassion for his wife, at length had pity on her, and took her once more to his arms: after which they lived in perfect harmony, and she brought him an heir to inherit his fortunes.

#### FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

*The following Letter was written by a Young Gentleman at College, to his Sister, and I think not unworthy a place in your useful paper.*

F.

May 12th, 1803.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I AM happy to hear that you cherish such sublime ideas of the importance of education, and that you have not been led astray by the false maxim of the female world, "that education is of no advantage to women." I applaud your ambition of endeavouring to become an ornament to your sex, in mental excellence; it is a laudable zeal, which will ever command the esteem and plaudits of the man of taste and science. From the culture of the human mind, you have every honour and felicity to expect; beauty, superficial accomplishments, and even fortune, are but shadowy qualities; and when put in competition with wisdom, are but as dust in the balance, in the eyes of those who are capable of distinguishing merit. It is a trite and common observation, that intellectual improvement is incompatible with female delicacy and softness; a remark which is frequently received as a compliment by the illiterate female, and in which she readily concurs, because she conceives it an homage paid to her own perfections; but the female possessed of the least spark of sensibility, would abhor the sentiment, and disdain the man that would pronounce it. Indeed, this idea

passes so current as a truth in the female world, particularly amongst girls of fashion and fortune, that it is now almost a prodigy to meet with one in this circle possessed even of common understanding. Ever anxious for present enjoyment, and blind to future felicity, they pass their youth the mere votaries of dissipation and folly, in adorning their persons and acquiring mere superficial accomplishments, to charm the eye; and leave to fate the culture of the mind, which can alone charm the man of taste. Hence those fulsome and disgusting themes which are the constant and invariable entertainments of what is called the fashionable circles. To them the charms of dress, the brilliancy of an assembly, or the comparative merits of tea and coffee, are topics upon which they dwell with peculiar delight. Trifles of this nature afford to their tongues an unbounded play, (which, by the bye, are seldom at leisure,) until, at length, tired with each other's incessant and disgusting clack, they retire to their homes, without gaining even one idea capable of charming or embellishing domestic life. But in resting secure in beauty and superficial accomplishments, to obtain for them a prize in the matrimonial lottery, how frequently do they find themselves fatally deceived! When the hand of time has snatched from their cheeks the rosy hue of beauty, their attractive qualities have likewise fled, and they remain totally neglected, if not despised. The precipitate youth, who in the fervour of passion, has been unwarily caught by the mere charms of beauty, and, unreflecting, seduced into the matrimonial tie, (the point upon which the happiness or misery of man invariably turns) will too soon have reason to repent his hasty deed; and that which excited his love being exchanged for the furrows of age, his once sweet partner will become the destruction of his peace, and pest of his felicity. Hence arise those broils and family dissensions, the destroyers of conjugal repose; and hence matrimony, instead of being the acme of happiness, is not unfrequently transformed into misery and wretchedness.

To know that I have a sister, who, though young, and surrounded by the votaries of pleasure and dissipation, has too much good sense to be misled by their degrading example, is to me a pleasure that words are inadequate to express. Yes, Maria, your laudable resolution no longer to remain in mental imbecility, but to endeavour to ornament your mind, and shew yourself superior to prejudice, and the degrading example of your sex, is worthy of maturer age. An ambition like yours, Maria, is seldom

to be met with in the female world. Satisfied with the idea that beauty and superficial embellishments, will secure them happiness, and the affections of their partners through life, like animals incapable of reflection, they pass the important season of youth in the usual round of dissipation and folly, without adding one ornament to the mind capable of charming or exciting domestic felicity. Hence is man called inconstant in his affections. But is it to be wondered at, that man should prove inconstant, when he discovers nothing in his partner to please, but every thing to disgust? The veil, which by the tinsel glare and seducing charms of enchanting beauty, in the hours of courtship, had obscured the imperfections of the mind, will soon, in marriage, be withdrawn, and him to whom a few months before she appeared angel-like, will be at a loss to point out one perfection worthy of his esteem, and will blush at his precipitate imprudence. Does a man of sense, in enumerating the perfections of his wife, and in retracing the progress of his love, dwell upon her beauty, her skill in music, in drawing or dancing?—No; these he tells you are very agreeable qualities; but these merely could never have attached him; they are but subordinate traits in her character: he is displeased that you can rank them among her perfections. But on her intellectual qualities, her sublimity of soul, he expatiates with peculiar delight.

To inspire you, Maria, with just ideas of the importance of education, and to rescue your mind from that debased imbecility which characterises your sex, and in which the degrading custom of the times has but too persuasive a tendency to induce them to remain, has ever been my aim; and I am pleased to find my endeavours have had the desired effect. It is education alone, Maria, that ennobles the human species, and distinguishes them from the brute; and without it they illy become that epithet of distinction. For in what particular is man exalted above what we are pleased to call the inferior animals of the creation, but in intellectual cultivation?—this neglected, and then, in the eye of reason and philosophy, we are on a level with the common herd of the brute species. Man, when arrived to the height of human wisdom, is truly the noblest work of God in this lower world; but in proportion as he degenerates towards ignorance, in the same degree does he derogate from that nobility, and approximate to an equality with the brute. Indeed, to neglect the culture of the mind, is sinning against nature's God; he endowed us with those faculties, that we might, from



the misfortune of others, learn to shun, the follies and vices which have contributed to their ruin, and thereby obtain true felicity: nor is it less a crime against society; it is the moral duty of every individual to render all the good he can to his fellow beings, and contribute his mite towards the happiness of the human family; and who is less capable of contributing towards the advancement of this felicity than the illiterate man? But as I have before spoken at large upon this subject, you will excuse me from saying more at present.

Your reading has hitherto, Maria, been desultory, unconfined by system or plan. From this you have acquired a taste for letters, and a thirst for information; and by it your mind has been enlarged, and your judgment strengthened and corrected. You will now with ease and advantage be capable of entering on a course of *History*, without thinking it uninteresting or devoid of entertainment; as is generally the case with those who are put to this before they have acquired a taste for reading, or a judgment capable of appreciating its importance. But previous to your entering upon this course of study, it is indispensably necessary, that you should become intimately acquainted with the science of *Geography*; this is a prerequisite, which it is absolutely necessary for you to obtain, before you begin history: it is the medium alone through which you can derive any pleasure or real benefit. Although this science will perhaps appear abstruse and difficult at first, as all sciences and arts, however simple, invariably do to new beginners; yet a little perseverance and industry, of which I know you possess an uncommon portion for your age and sex, will soon render easy and agreeable, what before appeared unconquerable. When you have formed a complete idea of the shape of the earth you inhabit, its divisions into zones, &c. as laid down upon your globe, you will, with pleasing satisfaction, trace the boundaries, and acquire the relative situation of continents, oceans, seas, kingdoms, and islands. When you have laid this foundation, you may, with propriety, take up history; you will then be capable of reading with pleasure and advantage, and will no more view it as uninteresting and devoid of beauties; as is the general cry of those who prematurely enter upon it. Nor is it to be wondered at, that disgust instead of pleasure should be excited in the young mind, in the perusal of history, who has not made geography a preliminary study. To read of places of which we have no conception; of countries the existence of

which, except in the imagination of the historian, we are ignorant of; in fine, of a world of which we can form no idea,—is to few interesting. But to a mind prepared to enter upon this study, (in the language of a very eloquent and celebrated writer) "what more agreeable entertainment than history? to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, to view society in its infancy, making its first faint essays towards the arts and sciences? To see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing ornamental to human life, advancing towards perfection? To mark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which have contributed to their greatness, and the vices that drew on their ruin? In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which, during their life-time, so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders! What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall our trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention! How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures. Indeed, I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons of whatever age, sex, or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of Greece and Rome."

Accept, my dear Maria, those sentiments as the genuine and undisguised opinion of your affectionate brother

EDWIN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I SHALL not endeavour to controvert the assertions brought forward in your last number, by *Justitia*; for they must be considered, by every man of sense, to be grossly false. But I shall merely consider who could have been the author of such a piece.

It could not have been a *Gentleman*: for he would not debase himself by wishing such sentiments to be published; which are only sported by the vulgar, and are alone adapted to please them.

It could not have been a *Merchant*: for although he is often induced, from the spirit of trade, to be a little irregular in his

transactions; yet he possesses an higher and nobler mind, than to degrade himself, from the spirit of revenge, by saying any thing so malicious or false against the honourable profession. Besides, if it were true that lawyers were dishonest, he could not have published it without breaking the old, and I believe true proverb, "There is honour amongst rogues."

It could not have been a *Divine*: for he places too much confidence in the laws, and of course the lawyers, (who are the only proper expounders of the laws) to have been the author of such vile aspersions: besides, his dignity would not have permitted it.

It could not have been a *Physician*: for inasmuch as he is the restorer and safeguard of the health and lives of lawyers, he ought at the same time to consider them as the only preservers and safe-guards of his property. Besides, to suppose that such an opinion as *Justitia's*, issued from the pen of a physician, would be absurd; for is not the lawyer continually within the power of the physician? And would it not be praiseworthy to put an end to the existence of those beings, who are "the bane of society?" But instead of that we find they die the same natural death as their neighbours.

It could not have been a *Farmer*: for he must have a very slight knowledge of lawyers; since all his transactions are open and honourable, and therefore never came under the eye of the Law, or finger of the lawyer.

Who then, I ask, could it have been? As I have a very high opinion of the great sense of mankind, I can suppose it to be none other than some silly boy. Methinks I hear the reader say, "Why did you take notice of this boy?" My answer is, I merely wanted to shew him what must be the conclusion of every person who read *Justitia*; and at the same time render him a very essential service, by informing him of an old maxim, that has been frequently mentioned to me when young, "that little boys should be seen and not heard." I hope he will consider this as a kind act in me, and that it will guide him in future.

Your's, &c.

LAWYER B\*\*\*\*\*S.

Small Talk,

NO. VIII.

MENEGRATES, the Physician,

WHO had the vanity to take the surname of *Jupiter Servator* to himself, (on account of some extraordinary cures, which he attri-



buted entirely to his own skill) was handsomely exposed to ridicule by the father of Alexander the Great. Having invited him to dinner, he was placed at a table by himself, on which was a golden vase, smoking with incense, (after the manner the ancients sometimes sacrificed to Jupiter). The physician at first thought himself highly honoured; but having nothing to eat, he soon perceived the meaning of the smoking incense; and thus serving as a laughing stock to Philip and his courtiers, he went away hungry, from a feast abounding with the most delicious wines and viands, with the title of Jupiter, and the shame he so justly deserved, for ascribing to his own abilities, a success derived from heaven.

## PEDAËTUS

Was a candidate at an election in Sparta, where three hundred persons were to be chosen, to hold a place of great distinction. He was unsuccessful; but returned home quite cheerful and satisfied, saying to his friends and neighbours, that "he was overjoyed to find there were three hundred better men in Sparta than himself, who had been endeavouring constantly for twenty years to be good."

## FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## MR. HOGAN,

*As far as I can learn, the following remarkable particulars, respecting the death of the late Lord LITTLETON, have never appeared before the public, at least in this country. They may be depended upon as facts, and were related by Admiral Wolsely, to a lady of unimpeachable veracity, belonging to the society of Friends in England, and by her communicated to a gentleman of this city, in the year 1798.* A. B.

SOME time about 15 or 18 years since, (the time not recollected) Lord Littleton, on the fifth day of the week, came down to breakfast with his family, consisting of the widow Flood, and three young women, his cousins, all of them of doubtful characters. He said he had that night a very frightful dream or vision; that a lady had appeared to him, that she opened the curtains of his bed, and bid him prepare himself for death. He started up in terror, incoherently saying, "What! shall I not live three days?" To which she replied, "No, you will not live above three days;" and vanished. This awful account frightened the women, and they fell a crying. He, though secretly agitated, pretended to disregard the matter, laughing at their credulous folly, and pro-

fessing to have no sort of belief or apprehension about it. Soon after, Admiral Wolsely, and a gentleman, his cousin, of the name of Fortescue, came in; and he related jocosely what he told as above. They listened, but pondered it in their minds; as did his attendant valet. However, the subject changed—he proposed going with the ladies on the 7th day, (that is, the last day of the visionary prediction) to his country seat at Pitt's place, near Epsom; and offered the two gentlemen his chariot, to follow them, to dine there on that day. They agreed to the proposal, went there accordingly, and joined in great real, or at least affected jollity, at the festive board. Littleton being more than usually loquacious and desultory in his conversation; reciting the probable remarks that would of course be made, whenever the news of his death should be announced. Among his gaieties, perceiving the women to be languid and gloomy, he took one of them, and danced a minuet with her; then taking out his watch, and going up to the window, said, "Look you here, it is now nine o'clock, according to the vision I have but three hours to live; but don't you mind this, madam Flood; never fear, we'll jockey the ghost; I warrant you." Still continuing in this seeming gaiety till eleven, he called for candles to go to bed, an hour unusually early with him; as he used to sit up as long as he could keep his companions about him. But his pretence to retire, was, because he had planned for the party to ride to breakfast early at Epsom, and spend the day riding, to survey the adjacent country. Soon after his retreat, the women took their candles, and went off. The two gentlemen were determined to sit in the parlour till the three predicted days were fully over, and got some negus to comfort themselves. About half an hour after eleven, they received the sudden shock of a loud scream from the stair-case, uttering these words—"He's dead! Oh! my lord is dead!" Instantly running up stairs, they found him in bed, fallen back, and struggling. The Admiral put his hand to his head, which the dying man grasped with such vehemence, that it was painful to endure. But he spake no more, his eyes were turned up and fixed. They pierced the jugular vein, but no blood issued; and he was totally dead about one quarter of an hour before midnight.

The Admiral, to this account, gave me the following remarkable particulars.—That at the distance of 30 miles from Pitt's place, where this melancholy scene happened, there lived a gentleman, who was one

of the libertine companions of Lord Littleton; and they had so settled, that which ever of them died first, the survivor should receive one thousand pounds. On this very night, (being in bed and asleep, previously,) he rang his bell about one o'clock with great violence. His valet-de-chambre ran to him with all speed; and the following dialogue ensued, as nearly as can be recollected.

*Servant.* Dear Sir, what is the matter?

*Master.* (Sitting up in bed, with a countenance full of horror.) Oh, John! Lord Littleton is dead!

*Servant.* How can that be? We have heard nothing but that he is alive and well.

*Master.* No, no; I awoke just now, on hearing the curtains undrawn, and at the foot of the bed stood Lord Littleton, as plain as ever I saw him in my life. He looked ghastly, and said, "All is over with me, you have won the thousand pounds," and instantly vanished.—Get a horse, and go this moment to Pitt's place, you may perhaps get intelligence of him there.

In consequence of these orders, the servant arrived about seven in the morning; told the Admiral and family the above particulars, and hastened back to his agitated master; who, it seems, was so affected, that, for a considerable time after, he durst not sleep alone, nor without a light constantly at his bed-side.

## Moral Essays.

## NO. VII.

[CONTINUED.]

## ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

IN order to administer consolation to the afflicted, the usual methods are, either to endeavour to lessen their sense of the evil, by shewing them that it is not really so great as they imagine; or by comparing it with greater evils endured by others; or else to drive it from the thoughts by the hurry of dissipation and amusement.

The first of these methods may serve to display the talents of the person who undertakes it; and perhaps such arguments may sometimes prevail upon vanity to assume an appearance of fortitude. But how can he, whose heart feels the pangs of real affliction, be convinced by argument that he does not feel it? or what relief can it give to his sufferings, to be told that another suffers more? Nor can dissipation and amusement afford a more efficacious remedy, since in these the heart has nothing to do:



in the midst of the gayest scenes, and surrounded by all that the world calls pleasure, it will shrink into itself, and feel its own bitterness with redoubled force.

It is vain to endeavour to take from the wretched the sense of suffering; pain and grief must be felt; they can neither be subdued by argument, nor lost in dissipation; and while they remain, it is impossible to enjoy that ease which by some is represented as the greatest good of man—they must exclude it:—But must they therefore exclude all positive happiness? Surely no. The wounded heart may still be open to enjoyment, and here it must seek for consolation; it cannot indeed be insensible of pain, but it may yet be sensible of pleasure. And happy indeed are they who have acquired a relish for such pleasures, as pain and sorrow cannot take away; since these, sooner or later, must be the lot of all.

Of this kind are the pleasures of affection and benevolence; they enlarge the heart, they prevent it from dwelling on its own sorrows, and teach it to seek for happiness in the good of others; and those who in their happiest days were accustomed to do this, will not become insensible to such pleasures, because they are themselves in a state of suffering.

Every instance of kindness, every friendly endeavour to give ease and comfort, will still rejoice the heart; the pleasure of seeing others virtuous and happy, may still be felt; the earnest desire to make them so, may still be cherished; and that desire is in itself a pleasing sensation. The endeavour which it excites affords still higher pleasure; and when that endeavour is blessed with success, the benevolent heart will feel a real joy, to which its own sufferings cannot render it insensible.

By every such exertion, the mind will gain new strength, and enjoy new pleasure; its native vigour, which sorrow had depressed, and which no interested views could have called forth to action, will be restored by benevolence;—the wounded heart may feel the delight of self-approbation;—in short, the afflicted may enjoy the best pleasures of the happy.

But after all, it must be allowed, that all our pleasures, in this imperfect state, even those of the most refined and exalted kind, are liable to numberless sorrows and disappointments. Friends may be removed by absence, or by death; the faults and imperfections of those we love, may wound the heart; affection may be repaid with unkindness, and benefits with ingratitude; the most earnest endeavour to relieve the distressed, may prove unsuccessful; and the sincerest desire to promote the happi-

ness of others, may miss its aim: in short, every pursuit in this world may end in disappointment. And this thought might indeed be sufficient to check the ardour of the mind, and discourage the best endeavours, had we not a never-failing resource in that assistance and support which Religion offers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### *The Lucubator, No. 1.*

#### ON SWEARING.

"Those who addict themselves to *swearing*, and interlard their discourse with *oaths*, can never be considered as gentlemen. They are generally people of low education, and are unwelcome in what is called good company. It is a vice that has no temptation to plead; but is, in every respect, as vulgar as it is wicked."

CHESTERFIELD.

NOTWITHSTANDING so many authors, renowned for their wisdom and experience, have written against the disgraceful and pernicious practice of SWEARING, still there are numbers, who are practitioners of that detestable vice. Even many who have had the advantage of a good education, yet setting aside all laws, human and divine, do not scruple to make use of the most horrid oaths. One would naturally suppose, a moment's consideration would convince them that it is as shameful "as it is *vulgar and wicked*;" but as we may every hour be convinced that this is not the case, we are led to look for the cause:—and it will be generally found in their associating with inebriate wretches, libertines, &c. When we hear men of this description making use of oaths too horrid to be repeated; when we hear them taking the name of the SUPREME BEING into their sinful and polluted lips,—are we not struck with wonder and surprise, that they are permitted to do it with impunity? Thoughtless mortals! the stroke is only suspended, not removed! Beware then: consider, you are—

....."but pensioners on the bounties of an hour!"

Death may arrive ere you are aware; and you be cut off in a moment—"Repent before it be too late."

Permit me to beseech you, who are addicted to this evil practice, to abstain from it. Is there any good effect arises from it? Every man of sense must answer in the negative. Why then do you persist in it?—Perhaps you will answer,—it has become so habitual that you find it *next to impossible* to omit it. This is a mistake, you will find on trial that it is not impossible. Make the experiment; it is surely worth making, and

I have no doubt you will be successful. Then will you shine with far greater lustre in society, than if you had continued in that infamous and prophane practice. What can be more disgusting to a man or woman of sense, than to hear a person beginning and ending every sentence with an OATH? It implies, that you suppose the person whom you are addressing, does not put confidence in what you say; and therefore, in order to induce a belief, you add an oath. This is an error under which *all swearers* labour; but the very means they use to obtain belief, leads the person addressed to suspect, that were it not an untruth it would not stand in need of an oath. In short, the practice is so very inconsistent with the *real* character of a gentleman, that they who are in the constant habit of it, can never be considered as gentlemen, or men of honour. Refrain from it then, as it cannot benefit you; but on the contrary, is very prejudicial in every respect. A man who uses oaths, even if he be of good birth, and possessed of a fortune, necessarily leads his auditors to suppose that he is either a low-bred fellow, or has never been used to *good company*.

I might advance many other arguments, to shew how disgraceful this vice is; but I flatter myself, that those who are not callous to every feeling of a rational being, what I have already said will be sufficient. Those, however, who disregard the stings of conscience, as well as the reproofs of their friends, I leave to the just contempt of every friend to virtue. S.

#### ANECDOTES.

When Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the Mayor, in congratulating her on that memorable event, said, "When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear." The Queen could not help smiling at this; and her admiration was further heightened, when, on her departure, he begged permission "to attend her majesty to the gallows!" which stood about a mile out of town.

A young man was recommended to bishop Burnet for ordination. As his lordship stammered a little, he desired his chaplain to examine the candidate. The first question proposed, was "Why did Balaam's ass speak?"—"Because his master had an *impediment* in his speech," answered the young man, which put an immediate end to the examination.



SEASONABLE ADVICES.

Wear flannel next the skin, provided you change it frequently. Bathe often, but not for a long time—so that you may cleanse the skin, and open the pores, without enfeebling the body. The latter article, or cleanliness, is the grand preservative against the diseases of the season.

White-wash your apartments with lime; wash your floors often, and let your houses be kept clean.

Throw a few pails of water on the pavement before the door, in the morning before the sun is on it; repeat it during the day, when the sun does not shine there.

If the Corporation keep the city clean, and individuals attend to these particulars, no yellow fever or epidemic of any kind will be able to find a footing there.

If you live in the country, build your houses with thick walls and small apertures; encompass it with a border of tress, to intercept the force of the sun-beams; build the house solid rather than extended; you will then have it warm in winter and cool in summer, whatever may be the external temperature. You may prove this, by observing that a room in the centre of the house is always the coolest. Let your apartments be spacious, and they will be most comfortable.

PHILADELPHIA,  
JULY 30, 1803.

CHARLES MIFFLIN, son of Benjamin, 12 years old, on Saturday afternoon last, accompanied by his brother, and other playmates, went into Schuylkill to bathe; when suddenly stepping into a gut where the water was more than his depth, and not being able to swim, immediately sunk. The heart-rending cries of his little friends brought assistance, but in vain; and his brother was obliged to return to his parents with the afflicting intelligence. Friends and physicians immediately hastened to the place, and every exertion used to discover the child, but nearly three hours had elapsed, when one of his young friends, after repeated diving, brought him up and bore him on shore to the arms of his frantic father. Every exertion by the ablest of the faculty was used for his recovery, but in vain!—Two hours had not elapsed since he had left his parents' table uncommonly cheerful and elate with their recommendation (for he had always acted well)—In this short period, what a transition!!

[Rel's Gaz.

On Thursday, the 21st inst. Mr. JOHN WISE, a reputable miller, on Wissahickon Creek, 8 miles from this city, in examining the spindle of the trunnel wheel in the mill, when in motion, his head was caught between the great cog-wheel and wallowers, which after closing upon it, lifted the gudgeon of the latter, and gave sufficient space for his body to pass below. His son, who was near the mill, observing the works to be deranged, im-

mediately closed the water-gate, and on searching for the cause, found his father's body! which, when bro't to the light, exhibited (as must naturally be concluded from the circumstances) a most horrid spectacle. The Coroner's Inquest sat on it, and returned a verdict agreeable to the above statement—Accidental Death.

[ibid.

RALEIGH, (N. C.) JULY 13.

A little daughter of Capt. Isaac McCallum, of this county, met a premature death on Wednesday, by the bite of a snake, or some other poisonous reptile or insect. The child was gathering blackberries in an adjoining field a little before sun-set, cried out very suddenly. A negro went immediately to its assistance, when she complained of being stung by a *nettle*; but, from the wound which appeared, and from the fatal consequence which followed, it is believed a highly venomous snake had bitten her in the instep of one of her legs. Her limbs immediately began to swell and look black, and so rapid was the poison, (no effectual means having been taken to counteract it) that the next morning the child was a *corpe*; and was on Friday interred in the burial ground of this city.—So shocking an accident, we trust, will lead parents to be cautious how they suffer their children to go out into the fields without proper attendants, and even then it may prove fatal!

THIS morning, (the 26th inst.) the fishermen in the vicinity of Fly Market, caught several large SHARKS, some of them measuring from 10 to 12 feet in length. Great numbers were seen about the Market yesterday and to day;—this ought to caution people from bathing too near that place.

[N. Y. Com. Ad.

WE hear from Rutland, Vermont, that on the discharge of a field-piece, towards the close of their celebration of the Fourth of July, a melancholy catastrophe ensued; the field-piece split nearly to the trunnions, and one fragment of it struck Mr. William T. Hall, merchant, of Manchester, severed his head from his body, and so completely destroyed it, that but a small proportion of it has yet been found. We are likewise informed, that a young man, whose name we have not heard, was badly wounded at the same time, but is likely to recover; and that the cause of the bursting of the piece was, its being stuffed full of turf, &c. to add to the report.

[Hudson Rev.

LEXINGTON, (KEN.) JULY 12.

BY a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from New-Orleans, we are informed, that the company in which he came, consisting of 26 men, were attacked by a party of robbers, 15 in number, well armed, about 35 miles on this side of Bayau-Pierre. The attack was made about day-light—the robbers discharged about 90 guns without touching a man, and rushed into the camp. The company all left the ground, some without their saddle-bags or clothing, which were taken off by the villains.—The loss sustained is computed at between 4 and 5,000 dollars. Next morning the company pursued the robbers, and overtook them in about 15 miles—they immediately prepared for battle, but the resolution displayed on the part of the robbers, and the company having only two or three guns, all in bad order, induced them to retreat,

THE Rev. Timothy Alden of this town, having "invented a new and useful and improvement for expediting the manufacture of *Common Salt*," received by the mail of Thursday evening, a patent for the invention, from the President of the United States.

The design of this invention is to accelerate the spontaneous evaporation of water from which the common salt is to be made. To this end, that the united powers of the sun and wind may operate to the greatest advantage, it is proposed to create an *artificial shower*. For effecting this object, several different methods are prescribed.

[Brunswick Pap.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Heilan, at First Trinity Church, Mr. George Leebler, to Miss Elizabeth Campbell, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 21st inst. after an illness of about 3 months, Mrs. *Christiana Robinson*, consort of Mr. Wm. Robinson, near Wilmington.

—, at Wilmington, on the 23d inst. aged 63 years, *Mary Dickenson*, the wife of John Dickenson, of that place.

—, at New-York, on the 26th inst. Capt. *Sharp*, of the British Packet *Liechester*, now laying at that port.

—, on the 22d inst. aged 76, Mrs. *Margaret Stedman*, relict of Mr. Charles Stedman, formerly a merchant of this city.

—, at Hungar Parish, Virginia, Rev. *Dr. McCrae*.—The vestry of the parish offer the glebe, containing 1600 acres of land, 12 slaves, 2 brick dwelling-houses, out-houses, &c. to any minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who shall be inducted there. By the will of the deviser, this glebe reverts to his heirs, if the parish remains vacant 6 months, which will expire the 20th October next.

—, at Woodstock, Vermont, Capt. *Nathaniel Wood*, aged 78, leaving a consort, with whom he lived about 59 years. He had living at his decease, 7 children, 47 grand children, and 25 great grand children; the oldest of the great grand children is in the 15th year of her age, making in the whole 79 living children; and what renders it more remarkable, there were 61 of them at his funeral. He has buried 5 children, 9 grand-children, and 3 great grand children.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Romance of the Four Dervishes* is this day concluded, as far as the editor is in possession of the copy. He has written to London for the work in which the story is supposed to be published; and should he be successful in obtaining it, the remainder will be given, if not too long.

*Misogamist* certainly deserves credit for the ingenuity with which he continues to defend a bad cause; but his *Reply, No. 1.* cannot be admitted, as the editor is sensible that a further discussion of the subject would not be agreeable to the majority of his readers.

*Charles Cautious* has not amended his stile, by changing his signature.

*Pomfret's* poetical love-letter would require several corrections previous to being published; but the story is not worth the trouble of making them.

Edwin's letter to his sister, deserves the serious attention of the fair readers of the Repository—His second letter shall appear next week.

*Selwyn and Equitas* in our next.



## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### TO THE WOMAN-HATERS.

GEMMEN, Indeed, I think it very odd,  
That you dare thus transgress the laws of God,  
By saying "there's no joys in wedlock's bands"—

I faith good Sirs, you'd better hide your faces,  
For fear they should be robbed of their graces,  
By some outraged little female's hands.

For women (bless them!) always lov'd the state,  
Thinking in it each toil and care repaid;  
And with their whole heart most sincerely hate  
That coarse, that harsh and grating name—OLD  
MAID.

Sirs, did you ever read in any volume,  
That Love and Wedlock make a handsome Column?  
Upon each face I read this answer, No—  
Yet, Gemmen, it is even so—

Love is the Shaft, Marriage the Cap so fine,  
Truth is the Plinth, and Constancy the Base,  
The Virtues are the Neck-mould, which do join  
The Shaft and Cap in a firm fond embrace.

Columns like this, round Hymen's Temple stand;  
Who then so cruel would upraise his hand  
To knock so beautiful a fabric down?  
Fame to besure would the sad deed record;  
But with a tear she'd mark down every word—  
Then from her book would tear it with a frown.

You take indeed a mighty host of pains  
To make us think a single life is sweet:  
The reason I suppose, is this...(your veins  
Possess no blood that glows with nat'ral heat....)

Was Nature's fire not in your veins quite dead,  
You would not to the world so boldly say,  
That wisdom never bless'd a woman's head,  
That woman was for men no company.

Pray what is man by woman's smiles unbless'd?  
The rankest of the rankest weeds:  
But when Love's sunshine darts into his breast,  
Just like the vine he flourishes and spreads.

Ah! what was I, till Anna, charming maid!  
The heaven of beauty to my soul display'd?  
A clod of clay, unfit to feel—or sing:  
Yet her soft influence o'er my captive mind,  
Each coarser feeling, coarser sense refin'd—  
And bade me rise upon the Muse's wing.

Say, did you ever clasp within your arms,  
A blushing maid, full blown in beauty's charms?  
Felt Love's soft pleasures, or its pleasing pain?  
Did e'er your hearts to tender measures move?  
No! no!—What I never felt the power of Love!—  
I faith I have, and hope I shall again.

Ah! with what transport have I often prest  
The yielding fair one to my throbbing breast,

And snatch'd with rapturous joy the thrilling kiss;  
While Love's fierce torrent rolling o'er my heart,  
Bade each fine feeling in swift order start,  
And wrapt my soul in ecstasy and bliss.  
If e'er these joys you tasted in your life,  
You could not live, I'm sure, without a wife.

'Tis wrong indeed to tread on Nature's laws,  
Or cut them with the razors of your wit—  
Pause....for a moment, one poor moment pause,  
And think upon the sin you do commit.

Think of the pain you give the tender fair;  
Think how your tenets have their minds distress'd;  
See, standing in each eye, the trembling tear....  
It falls....and finds a grave upon their breast.

Sirs, I still hope you're not quite void of grace,  
Not yet quite harden'd in your vicious course;  
Then come, Contrition painted on each face  
And give to gentle feelings all their force.

Come, and say, "Ladies, we all beg your pardon"  
For what, so careless of your peace, we've said  
To blast the hopes of each aspiring maid,  
For we indeed, your patience have borne hard on."

Quick in each brilliant eye a tear will start,  
And with a sigh of sympathy divine,  
They'll say, "Yes, take it—take it from the heart;  
With joy we give it—take it—it is thine."

Where is the man that would not pardon ask?  
Where is the man who'd think it was a task  
Below the dignity of human nature?—  
If I but thought it would the fair one's please,  
I'd ask a pardon for you on my knees,  
Altho' I think myself no abject creature.

PETER.

Philadelphia, July 7th, 1803.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Ode has a particular allusion to an Accident that happened last week, and is descriptive of it.

#### EDWIN--AN ODE.

NOW had the sun with scorching beam,  
Gain'd the meridian height;  
And Schuylkill's gently flowing stream,  
Seem'd doubly to invite:

The tide was full,—the water clear  
Flow'd gently o'er the beach;  
A cool retreat presented here,  
The sun-beams could not reach.

The frisking lambskins tir'd of play,  
Had lain beneath the shade;  
The herds avoid the burning ray,  
Into the woods had stray'd.

Like these, had EDWIN been content,  
To rest some shade beneath;  
His parents would not now lament,  
Their son's untimely death.

But cruel destiny decreed,  
That it should not be so;  
When EDWIN and his friend agreed  
Into the stream to go.—

As *Cæsar* unto *Cassius* cri'd,  
"Dars't thou along with me,  
"Swim to yon point; against the tide  
"And billows of the sea."

So EDWIN to his comrade said,  
"Can'st thou plunge in that stream,  
"And over to the other side,  
"With me, undaunted, swim."

Forthwith, like *Cæsar*, from the brink,  
He divid into the wave;  
Like *Cæsar* too, he cri'd, "I sink,  
If me no one will save!"

But ah! no hand was near to save,  
No friendly *Cassius* there;  
That could with safety, from the wave  
The sinking EDWIN bear.

Soon by unskill'd exertions tir'd,  
No longer could he swim;  
All hopes of safety then expir'd:—  
He sunk—nor more was seen!

\* M \*

#### MORE ADVICE TO BELLES.

YOUNG Ladies, if it be your wish,  
That you increase your charms:  
Not only keep your bosoms bare,  
But also your white arms.

Let not all that the Doctors say,  
Or nurse create alarms;  
But persevere still in the way,  
Of showing your bare arms.

Your hands and faces when 'tis cold,  
Nothing but custom warms;  
And can't its power extend likewise  
Unto your naked arms?

Why then with gloves of silk or kid,  
Will you destroy such charms?  
Why must the beauties all be hid  
Of your fair naked arms?

ADOLESCENS.

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